

January 2021

## Two Poems

Grace Shuyi Liew

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Liew, Grace Shuyi (2021) "Two Poems," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 22 , Article 9.  
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol22/iss1/9>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

# TWO POEMS

Grace Shuyi Liew

## CARRY

If there is a plea, there is a  
white man kneeling, neck  
exposed to prayer. His hands  
are folded at his lap. He wants  
the sounds in his head to  
inhabit one, two, three, four, ...  
bodies, each a vehement  
replica of the previous, ad  
smooth infinitum. He confesses  
he owns you. Says your tail was  
molded after the ease of his  
walk, your reek the breaths he  
expels.

He instructs you to stretch  
your arm out ahead of you. He  
instructs you to slowly bend  
each finger. He instructs you to  
watch every quiver. He  
watches you remember the  
mark of your own construction,  
of having been made so.

## DISSIMILATION

They grew up sharing  
a tail

whose soft unworn end could cut a

sharp line across the  
smallest winds.

With the years they fell, tail first

Down a captive country netting loosed faces  
Two pairs of hands sewn to two pairs of cheeks

really     just another myth-made victim miring  
              among indigo clouds

another sand angel flailing the white desert

\*

After years, months, days of assurances pouring in  
from all over the realms the sisters  
finally embrace their nationlessness / The crassness of  
discussing nations must have left a mark she and she  
has to bear / on any given face /  
soft addiction hemmed inside  
sworn fantasies

Some have said ashes to white ashes

Some have revealed the realizations of foreign women

The fissured coats she drapes  
over  
Her sister's stitched body / billow like weak  
Emblems

\*

Before long the sisters learned  
the privilege of sucking on a single, lucid name

Mouth on mouth.

Misty vapor  
gathered around their snaked bodies,  
snaked tails, the world's first

Wild blue matrimony. Outwardly,

there is nothing  
obviously fecund about their tail

Carrying all the life to come

All the life to be decided

at a later date or strewn  
the way conscience  
releases itself from bough to  
white bough as a

Wild thing uncoiled

--

“Carry” and “Dissimilation” are parts of a chapbook that won Ahsahta Press’s 2015 Chapbook Contest, forthcoming soon.

Grace Shuyi Liew’s next project is on spaces. Her work has appeared or will appear elsewhere in *PANK*, *Bone Bouquet*, *West Branch*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Twelfth House*, *H-ngm-n*, and more. She is from Malaysia.